And to him in his Barge with feruor hyes,
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke:
Where what is done in action, more if might
Shall be discouered, please you sit and harke. *Exit.*

¶ *Enter Hellicanus, to him 2. Sayler.*

1 *Say.* Where is Lord *Hellicanus?* he can resolue you, O here he is sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lysimachus* the Gouernour, who craues to come a-boord what is your will?

Hell. That he haue his, call vp some gentlemen.

2 *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

¶ *Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Doth your Lordship call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come abord, I pray greet him fairely.

¶ *Enter Lysimachus.*

1. *Say.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would resolue you.

Lys. Haile reuerent sir, the Gods preserue you.

Hel. And you to outliue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lys. You wish mee well, being on shore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before vs, I made to it to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Ly. I am the Gouernour of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir our vessell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this thirteene moneths hath not spoken to any one, nor taken sustenaunce, but to prorogue his griefe.

Ly. Vpon what ground is this distemperance?

Hel. Twould bee too tedious to repeat, but the mayne griefe springs frō the losse of a beloued daughter, & a wife

Ly. May we not see him?

Hell.

Hell. You may, but bootelesse. Is your sight, he will not speake to any yet le me obtaine my wish.

Lys. Behold him, this was a goodly person

Hell. Till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Ly. Sir King all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile royall sir.

Hell. It is in Vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Ly. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweet harmoni, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are midway stopt, shee is al harpie as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leauie shelter that abutts against the Islands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing weele omit that bearес recoueries name. But since your kindnesse we haue stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our golde we may prouision haue, wherein wee are not delitate for want, but wearie for the staleneſſe.

Ly. O sir, a curtesie, which if we should denie the most iust God for euermore graffe would send a Caterpiller, and so inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee intreate to know at large the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hell. Out sir, I will recount it to you, but see I am preuented.

Ly. O heer's the Ladie that I sent for,
Welcome faire one, is not a goodly present?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Ladie.

Ly. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde
Came of a gentle kinde and noble stocke, I do wish
No better choyse and think me rarely to wed,
Faire on all goodnesse that consists in beautie,
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo